

pink of his collar by ReblDOMAKR

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Summary:

Fate designed them to love each other.

pink of his collar

Nancy and Steve weren't soulmates, but, wow, did they try. Fate isn't one to be defied, though, and she insists that all those she's matched will meet, love each other, then die together. There are those she leaves completely alone. Neither of them were among those. Nancy had the initials 'J.B.' printed on the bottom of her right foot. Steve had 'B I L L Y' on the inside of his thighs.

They were sure they could love each other. And they did. Their love faded rapidly, at least for Nancy, who knew who her soulmate was. She eventually went to him. And Steve, who knew who his soulmate was to his disgust (*someone he met shortly before they parted ways, actually, just like Fate probably intended*). He preferred to be alone – at first.

Fate knew, though. It pissed Steve off because he couldn't help but trail after Billy Hargrove. The boy who seemed to prefer plucking someone's teeth, one by one, with his bare hands instead of talking things through. He loved violence and blood, and Steve didn't understand how he could've been matched by Fate to be with him.

At first, they kept themselves private. They had sex in Steve's car since Billy's interior was far too small, or in Steve's bedroom while his parents were away. Steve whistled his allowance away to buy Billy clothes or pay doctors to tend to his injuries, which Billy got plenty of. He did what he'd planned to do with Nancy, even, began working with his father to stick around Hawkins, to be close to Billy.

"I love you." He whispered for the first time, buried deep inside of his soulmate, cherishing him in the only way Billy seemed to understand. Steve kissed the side of his neck before he tightened the bow around it.

Underneath the wide pink silk, a collection of faded teeth marks, purple to yellow spots that Billy flaunted without telling anyone who'd gifted them to him. Just as he flaunted new piercings and leather pants, heavy combat boots and blood stains on his cotton shirts. All were things Steve gave eagerly.

In a way, Steve hated what Billy was making him into. He felt like his father, working long hours and going on business trips to far away cities. But the quarters and dollars he earned, the things he tossed them out for, made Billy smile and gleam under his attention. His soulmate flowered under cheap love, and Steve wished he could understand the grip he had on his waist and the time he'd rather sacrifice on him than away from.

Dustin told him he wished he was around town more. "You're always busy even when you're home." He sulked.

Steve smiled and offered an apology. He didn't know how to explain that Billy needed so, so little of him and he wanted to give it all.

The first time Billy said, "I love you." Was after his own graduation, sitting on Steve's knees and legs spread off to the sides.

"I love you, too." Steve smiled.